

Neal of the Navy

(Continued from page 2.)

ty. She caught sight of Neal and started toward him.

"If you don't mind," said the young woman, in dulcet tones—and with just the trace of foreign accent in her voice—"if you do not mind, I should like to find the post office—if you have one here."

Neal nodded. "I go past there," answered Neal. "I'll take you to it. Come with me."

Neal liked her—but she didn't ring true.

"This is the post office," he exclaimed at length.

Neal passed on toward the beach. He had not gone far when he heard a woman's scream. He looked back. In front of the post office a crumpled heap turned out to be the pretty woman.

"I slipped—I stumbled—something," she exclaimed, "and, oh—the pain—the pain—"

"Where?" queried the postmaster.

"My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady; "it is bad—bad."

She fell back, half fainting, in Neal's arms. The postmaster nodded to Neal.

"She was going to your mother's, Neal," he said.

"My mother's," gasped Neal, "does—does she know my mother?"

The postmaster shook his head.

"She wanted a quiet place—not a boarding house, nor nothing of the kind—a quiet place for her and her old father. I gave her your mother's name. I didn't know. I thought maybe your mother might take 'em in."

Neal clutched her in his strong arms and staggered to his feet.

"I'll take you to my mother's," he said aloud; "that's where you were bound—I'm Mrs. Hardin's son."

Neal's mother, Mrs. Captain Hardin, had spent a good part of the last hour in the attic of her cozy little house. She was delving into the depths of an old leather trunk—and that meant that she was delving into the past.

At the very bottom of the trunk where she had placed them years ago, was a newspaper package, carefully tied up. She opened it and spread its contents on the lid of the trunk. They consisted of the clothing—all the clothing—of a little girl—the dress and the linen articles had turned slightly yellow—even the thirteen years had left their mark upon them.

But this was not all—there was a bag of gold—the bag of gold that the little girl had brought aboard the Princess during that day of terror back at Martinique. And pinned to the tiny dress was still the note—hastily penned by an unknown hand:

I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost Isle of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the olekin packet until my father comes for me, or until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a sabre cut upon his face. For God's sake, keep me safe.

She was startled by Annette's cry from below. Hastily she stowed away the contents of the newspaper package and shut and locked the trunk.

When she reached the living room, she started back. A young woman her skirt dusty with the dirt of the road, was lying full length upon the lounge. Her eyes were closed. Neal was standing at her head, placing a wet cloth upon her forehead. Annette removed her shoe.

"Ah, the pain—the pain—" groaned the sufferer.

"Why, there's no swelling," said Annette.

The girl on the lounge opened her eyes. "It is always that way," she replied; "that is not the first time. It is the injury to what you call the—the synovial membrane—the covering of the bones. It has happened twice before."

The girl signaled for her leather handbag which was on the table. Neal fetched it for her, and she took from it a card. She handed it to Annette. Annette passed it to Mrs. Hardin. This is what it said.

Miss Irene Courtier, Nassau, The Bahama Isles.

"I—I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

The girl dictated and Neal wrote as follows:

Napoleon Courtier, Esq., Hotel Bermuda, New York City: Sprained my ankle. Don't worry. Have found friends in Seaport.

IRENE.

Over in the Hotel Bermuda in New York sat Mr. Napoleon Courtier—a foreign-looking gentleman of distinguished appearance. He was a striking-looking figure and had many peculiarities and eccentricities of manner. The most striking thing about him, however, was a livid scar cut across his cheek—a deep, deep cut—a bad scar. It is probable, however, that Mr. Courtier attracted no more attention than his companions did—one of them a fat little Mexican of most villainous appearance; the other a huge giant clad in ill-fitting clothes, who followed Mr. Courtier about like a dog—a faithful dog.

Mr. Napoleon Courtier sat within his room. He was not alone. With him were the Mexican and the giant. With him also was another personage, ill favored, low brooded, treacherous.

This latter individual was a New York crook.

A telegraph boy entered with a telegram. Courtier signed for it with a gold pencil, gave the boy a quarter for a tip and opened the telegram.

"Ponto," exclaimed Mr. Napoleon Courtier, for the moment totally ignoring the presence of the crook; "look, friend Ponto. Read."

And Ponto read. It was the telegram of Miss Irene Courtier.

"At last—after thirteen years," he said.

The crook once more seated himself and Mr. Courtier followed suit. He seized a piece of paper and wrote rapidly. He pushed the piece of paper toward the crook.

"Read that," he commanded; "it is intended for your principal."

The crook read:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The crook nodded. "Right, bo," he commented.

Half an hour later, on his way up Second avenue, New York, the crook was hoisterously hailed by a crowd of boon companions. These boon companions were lounging in the doorway of the "Side Pocket."

"Come on, Shorty," cried one of them, catching the crook by the arm. "I'm just blowing. Come on in and have some steam."

A few minutes after they entered the place, One-Eyed Mulvaney and his gang entered the saloon. Followed a fight and a raid by the police. When it was over Shorty lay in a corner with his skull cracked.

Something white protruded from the crook's coat pocket. The sergeant drew it out. It was a note. It read like this:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The sergeant read it twice. Then he signalled to one of his men.

"Hey, Tim," he cried; "take this to the captain right away. There ain't a second to lose. This here's a job for the federal authorities—ask the cap to send it down to 'em at once."

CHAPTER IX.

A Stern Chase.

Miss Irene Courtier, if such were her name, rose from her couch in an upper room in the Hardin cottage with an agility that gave no hint of a disabled ankle.

At last she spied a knot in one of the floor boards. She procured a nail file from her handbag and within a few moments had removed the knot from its containing hole. Then she treated herself to a view of the room below.

She perceived that a celebration was in progress. Upon the table was a birthday cake with eighteen candles in it, and about the table were four people. Annette, the center of attraction; Neal and his mother and his foster brother, Joe Welcher.

Mrs. Hardin stepped to a cupboard and drew forth a paper bundle. She placed it on the table and by the light of the eighteen candles she unwrapped it, exhibiting to Annette Ilington and to the boys a set of childish garments, a heavy leather bag, that clicked as she laid it down, and a mysterious-looking yellow packet, sealed with red sealing wax. She unspinned from a diminutive dress a piece of paper which she read aloud.

The listener above started as the note was read. It was a strange note—it contained both a promise and a warning.

"Look," said Annette suddenly, as she examined her possessions, "here is a locket."

In it there was a picture of a man. "My father," said Annette, "I am sure it is my father. Where is he—when will he come for me?"

Suddenly Welcher started forward. "Godfrey," he cried, did you hear that?"

"It's a shot from a small-bore gun," said Neal. "Come on, Joe Welcher, 'let's go out and see.'"

The shot was the indirect result of the raid upon the gangsters of the "Side Pocket."

For an hour at least a government destroyer with United States revenue officers aboard had patrolled the coast waiting for the signal arranged as per the unsigned bit of paper taken from the coat pocket of Shorty.

The signal was a flash flare. The destroyer waited for it. Suddenly an officer held up his hand.

"There, close in shore."

A light flashed forth into the night.

"Now, we've got them where we want them," said the officer. "Man the launch and get away as quietly as possible."

Meantime Hernandez and his two companions, Ponto and the brute, waited with the patience of adventurers for the replying signal. They were anchored in a speedy motor boat in a small cove to the south of Seaport. Receiving no answer to their signal, they flashed another flare into the darkness. Once more they were disappointed. Suddenly Hernandez sprang to the engine and turned it over.

"Steer an even course down shore," Hernandez cried to Ponto. "Keep out of the open. If they press us we can land and make a getaway."

The commander of the destroyer glanced through his glasses.

"That's a bad crowd," he said, "a desperate bunch. Send up a gunner. I think I'll take a chance."

They sent up a gunner and he took a chance. The bow of the motor boat flew into space. Hernandez and his gang were plunged into sea.

With one accord Hernandez and his two companions struck out for the shore.

At the Hardin cottage, at the sound of the shot, Neal and Annette had

rushed forth with Joe Welcher a close third.

"Come on, Joe," said Neal. "Stay where you are, Annette."

But Annette, always venturesome, insisted upon keeping them company. They had not gone twenty paces when something happened. There was a sudden rush from down the road and a man, his breath coming quick and fast, darted upon them, passed them, and was away in an instant. But in that instant he had accidentally or by design brushed violently against Annette and knocked her down.

Neal raised her to her feet and then beside himself with anger dashed after this reckless individual up the road.

"Look, look," cried Annette, "what is this thing coming here?"

This thing, as Annette called it, came on by leaps and bounds, with hands that wildly waved about its body and above its head as it sped along. It was a figure, gigantic, fearful. Welcher shuddered.

The huge creature stopped short to his tracks and stared at Annette—stupefied and fascinated.

The sharp crack of revolver shots brought him to himself. He looked behind him. Annette following his gaze saw figures rushing up the roadway. The brute leaped up and with a huge bound rushed up the road and disappeared.

An officer followed by a handful of sailors from the launch followed the brute up the road.

CHAPTER X.

A General Jail Delivery.

Meantime Neal, incensed at the assault, either intended or accidental, upon Annette, was following his man across country. Hernandez was lean and agile and he kept well in the lead. At the railroad, obeying some sudden impulse, he turned and swung on down the tracks. Here he was at a disadvantage. Neal was accustomed to leaping railroad ties, two at a leap.

By this time, however, they had reached the bridge—a bridge over the inlet to the north of the town. Hernandez darted out upon it with Neal immediately behind him. But just as Neal was about to clutch him from behind, Hernandez twitched aside and leaped to the waters of the inlet far beneath.

Neal followed suit. Both men swam to shore and Hernandez, realizing for the first time that he was followed by one man and not two, now changed his tactics. He stood upon the shore and waited until Neal came up. Then with a sudden rush he darted forward and planted a murderous blow in the direction of Neal's chin.

When the blow was delivered Neal's chin was not there, nor was Neal, but he was not far away. He ducked and countered with his left, striking Hernandez full upon the throat.

At that instant something small and dark and fat leaped out of the darkness, drew a poniard, and before Neal could even turn, had cut a gash—a deep gash—in Neal's shoulder.

This new assailant was Ponto.

And then all three heard a sound upon the bridge. All three looked up. There in the moonlight, running full tilt toward them, was a squad of uniformed men.

Ponto and Hernandez took to their heels and ran, but Neal in that instant leaped upon them from behind, clutched each man with one hand.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, panting, "I've got them. Come."

Meantime Mrs. Hardin had succeeded in getting Annette back into the cottage. Annette had been somewhat injured by the violence of her fall.

Local Market

Prices quoted below are general retail prices prevailing in Ontario and are in no case special sale prices:

- Apples, box, 50 to 75c
Bananas, doz, 30c
Beans, navy, 7c and 8c
Butter, ranch, lb, 30c
Butter, creamery, 35c
Cabbage, new, lb, 1 1/2c
Cheese, fancy, lb, 20c
Flour, high patent, sack, \$1.85
Flour, straight grade, sack, \$1.35
Sugar, cane, per cwt, \$6.75
Honey, strained, pint, 20c
Honey, comb, lb, 15c, and 2 for, 25c
Lemons, doz, 30c
Nuts, English walnuts, lb, 25c
Nuts, Brazils, lb, 25c
Almonds, lb, 25c
Early Grapes, per basket, 20c
Green Peppers, per lb, 10c
Onions, dry, per lb, 3c
Oranges, coz, 25c to 60c
Potatoes, sack, 80c
Ranch eggs doz, 35c
Rice, lb, 8c and 10c
Halibut, lb, 20c
Ham, per lb, 25c
 Bacon, per lb, 22 1/2c to 25c
Head cheese, lb, 20c
Hens, lb, 15c
Lamb, spring, fore quarters, \$1.00
Lamb, spring, hind quarters, \$1.50
Lamb chops, rib, lb, 25c
Lard, 10 lbs, \$1.35
Mutton chops, lb, 18c
Pork chops, loin or rib, lb, 20c
Pork, shoulder, lb, 18c
Rolled rib roast, lb, 28c
Rib roast, prime, lb, 22c
Round steak, lb, 20c
Flat-bone tenderloin, lb, 28c
Salmon, lb, 20c
Kipper salmon, lb, 20c
Summer squash per lb, 1c
Salt salmon, lb, 12 1/2c
Smoked salmon, lb, 30c
Smoked herring, each, 5c
Shoulder steak, lb, 18c
Shoulder roast, lb, 15c
Sirloin steak, lb, 25c
Smelts, Columbia river, 2 lbs, for, 25c
Spare ribs, lb, 15c
Ham, sliced, lb, 30c
Pie Pumpkins, per lb, 1c
Carrots, per lb, 1c

LIVE STOCK.

- Hogs, 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c
Veal, 4c to 5c
Cows, 3 to 4
Lamb, 4c to 5c
Steers, 4 to 5
Mutton, 3 to 4

Church Services

Catholic Church. Mass at 10 a. m. Sunday mornings. H. A. CAMPO, Rector.

Congregational Church. Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. Morning Worship, 11:00 a. m. Endeavor, 7:00 p. m. Evening Service, 8:00 p. m. REV. PHILIP KOENIG.

METHODIST CHURCH. Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. Preaching, morning, 11:00 a. m., evening 8:00 p. m. You need the church—the church needs you—"Let's get together." C. C. PRATT, Pastor.

United Presbyterian Church. Bible school at 10 A. M. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Christian Endeavor at 6:45. Come to any or all the services and you will find a welcome. W. N. Brown, Pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. Morning Service, 11:00 a. m. Evening Service, 7:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday Evening Bible Study, Thursday Evening. A hearty invitation is extended to all.

DAVID E. BAKER, Pastor.

GHOST DANCE.

Will be given at the Moore Hall Monday evening November 1st. All parties taking part will be requested to dress in white loose slip or yama yama style. Face and head covered with white slip, with eye, nose and mouth cut in. The idea is to be every one, both ladies and gents, to dress as near alike as possible, which will mean a bushel of fun. Beamguards Orchestra. No one will be allowed to dance except those in costume, until after masks are removed.

DANCE—Saturday night—Moore Hall. Everybody invited.



The Brute Man Releases Hernandez and Ponto From Prison.

but it was not that shock that affected her the most.

"It was that big wild man," she kept exclaiming, with terror shining from her eyes. "It was his face—his face." She looked up suddenly. "His face," she kept repeating. "Where have I seen his face before?"

There was a tramp of feet without and in another instant a naval officer in uniform appeared in the doorway, removed his cap and entered.

Neal, pale-faced, but with flashing eyes, stalked in at his side. Annette uttered a cry of dismay. Neal's white shirt was drenched with blood.

Ten minutes later Hernandez and Ponto were safely under lock and key—the only prisoners in the town jail.

Three hours later, just as the moon

went down, a huge figure cautiously crept up toward the barred window of the jail. It lifted its hands high above its head, grasped the bars and drew itself up until it could peer within.

"Break, brute," Hernandez commanded softly. "Tear them up by the roots. Get us out of this."

Five minutes later these ill-assorted figures crept noiselessly, stealthily into the shadows of the night and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Professional, Business, and Classified Directory

The Ontario Argus is read by thousands of people—each and every week brings bargain seekers—If you have anything for sale—if you want to loan or borrow—if you want to buy—in fact any thing you want, you can get through the "WANT AD" columns of The Argus—The leading professional and business men will be found in our directory each week.

Wants

LOST—Oct. 3rd., near O. S. L. depot a silver mounted bridle, red leather split headstall, braided reins. \$5.00 reward, no questions asked. Return to C. H. Trousdale. 40-1f.

WORK WANTED

Anyone wanting rugs or a carpet woven from rugs address Mrs. S. Burkhardt, Ontario or call at Wyoming and Grant St. tr.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Registered Jersey Stock; One bull, two cows, two calves. All purebred Jerseys. Will sell all or part. L. Comstock, Phone 204K.2-Gonkln Ranch. tf.

FOR SALE—Indian motor cycle—good condition. Just been thoroughly overhauled. Best cash offer taken. Apply at Argus Office. 41-1f.

FOR SALE—Potato-digger at Holy Rosary Hospital. tf

FOR SALE—Row boat in best of condition, with air tanks and Evinrude motor. Inquire H. B. Logan. Moore Hotel.

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FOR SALE—One work mare, weight 1300, age 8. J. J. Dillard, Ontario.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Woman to cook in Hotel at Riverside. Address Mrs. C. M. McCay Riverside.

WANTED PRUNE PACKERS. Sunny Slope Packing House two miles east of town Phone 923

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—2 room house near the high school. Inquire phone 110M.

FOR RENT—Rooms for light house-keeping, steam heated. HOTEL ONTARIO. 40Mf

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Malheur County. In the Matter of the Estate of G. W. Passfield, Deceased, Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of G. W. Passfield deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased are hereby required to present the same with proper vouchers as required by law to me at my office in Ontario, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication, September 23rd., 1915.

C. McGonagill, Administrator of the Estate of G. W. Passfield, deceased.

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DR. D. C. BRETT DENTIST Office 2nd door east of Ontario Pharmacy on Nevada Avenue Near R. R. Depot.

DR. H. C. DIXON DENTIST Wilson Building Phone, Res. 48-J. Office 162-W Ontario Oregon

ATTORNEYS.

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C. MCGONAGILL ATTORNEY AT LAW Will Practice in All Courts Notary Public. Office Over Postoffice

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Oregon Short Line Time Table Ontario, Oregon, November 8th 1914 TIME TABLE NO. 76 WESTWARD

Train No. Leave 17 Oregon Wash. Limited 4:22 a m 75 Huntington Passenger 9:35 a m 19 Oregon Wash. Express 6:33 p m 5 Fast Mail 6:10 p m

EASTWARD 18 Oregon Wash. Limited 2:51 a m 76 Boise Passenger 8:50 a m 4 Eastern Express 12:07 p m 6 Oregon Wash. Express 6:33 p m

OREGON EASTERN BRANCH WESTWARD

Train No. Leave 139 Mixed, daily except Sunday for Riverside 12:30 p m

VALE & BROGAN BRANCH WESTWARD

Train No. Leave 141 Mixed Vale and Brogan Daily except Sunday 10:00 a m 97 Passenger, Vale daily 7:00 p m

EAST BOUND 140 Mixed, daily except Sunday from Riverside 12:01 p m 98 Passenger, from Vale 8:40 a m 142 Mixed from Brogan and Vale Daily except Sunday 3:30 p m

The Homedale train leaves Nyasa at 1:30 p m on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, returning, arrive at Ontario at 5:30 p m.

Place your order for bulbs at the Ontario Floral Co.

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